EPHELIA

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FEMALE POEMS On ſeveral OCCASIONS.

Written by *Ephelia.*

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To the moſt

EXCELLENT PRINCESS

MARY,

Dutcheſs of *Richmond* & *Lenox*.

AS he that Plants a tender Vine, takes care
To ſhelter it from the cold Northern Aire,
And place it where the Vigour of the Sun
May Cheriſh it, till it be ſtronger grown:
So I, that muſt a blooming Bud expoſe,
To greater Dangers than the North wind blows;
Under ſome happy Shade wou'd have it grow,
Where it ſecure from Blaſts may kindly Blow:
Than Your great Self, none fitter can I find;
For You, to all that need your Help, are kind:
So great your Power is, none will pretend
T'oppreſs the Smalleſt thing that You defend:

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Your Noble Clemency bids me be Bold,
And lay it at Your Feet, Fear bids me hold;
Asks how I can but hope, that you, who enjoy
Such Mighty Wit, ſhou'd mind ſo poor a Toy?
But Fear I'le Baniſh, Hope ſhall be my Guide,
And I will Act a Miracle of Pride:
Omit th' Addreſs that all to Greatneſs uſe,
And begg you'd Patronize an Infant Muſe:
Give leave the front may with your Name be dreſt,
And then the World will value all the reſt.
All know, great Madam, that you do Inherit
Your Noble Fathers far more noble Spirit:
In generoſity you've Wonders done,
And Bounty's Prize from all Mankind have won:
Your Face was always Beauty's Standard thought,
Where all Pretenders to be try'd were brought:
Such noble Conſtancy dwells in your Breaſt,
Such gen'rous Scorn of Fortune you've expreſt,
Ev'n when the greateſt of her Ill you've had,
A Fathers fall, as undeſerv'd, as ſad:
Loſt crouds of Noble Friends, a large Eſtate;
You bravely bore theſe ſad Effects of Fate:
The Noble Richmond, *and Great* Howard, *are*
Loſſes that nothing ever can Repaire:

Such

Such Valiant, Comely, Loyal, Gallant Men,
The Court muſt never hope to ſhew agen:
Yet you with Patience theſe Stroaks ſuſtain.
More Fortitude's in your Heroick Mind,
Than can be ſhown again by Woman-kind:
Had I a leſs Soul'd Patron, I ſhou'd fear
This idle Trifle would offend your Ear:
But Madam, your Indulgence doth extend,
Not only to Encourage, but Defend

Ephelia.

A POEM

John Verney

A POEM

Presented to his

SACRED MAJESTY,

on the Discovery of the

PLOT.

HAil Mighty Prince! whom Heaven has design'd
To be the chief Delight of human kind:
So many Vertues croud your Breast, that we
Do almost question your Mortality:
Sure all the Planets that o're Vertue Reigns,
Shed their best Influence in your Royal Veins:
You are the Glory of Monarchial Pow'rs,
In Bounties free as are descending Show'rs,
Fierce as a Tempest when ingag'd in War,
In Peace more mild than tender Virgins are;

In pitying Mercy, you not imitate
The Heavenly Pow'rs, but rather Emulate.
None but your Self, your Suffrings could have born
With ſo much Greatneſs, ſuch Heroick Scorn:
When hated Traytors do your Life perſue,
And all the World is fill'd with cares for you;
When every Loyal Heart is ſunk with Fear,
Your Self alone doth unconcern'd appear;
Your Soul within, ſtill keeps it's lawful State,
Contemns and dares the worſt effects of Fate;
As the bright Majeſty ſhot from your Eye,
Aw'd your tame Fate, and rul'd your Deſtiny.
Though your undaunted Soul bear you thus high,
Your ſolid Judgment ſees there's danger nigh;
Which with ſuch Care and Prudence you prevent,
As if you fear'd not, but would croſs th' Event:
Your Care ſo nobly looks, it doth appear
'Tis for your Subjects, not your Self you fear:
Heaven! make this Princes Life your neareſt care,
That does ſo many of your Vertues ſhare:

If Monarchs in their Actions copy you,
This is the neareſt piece you ever drew:
Blaſt every Hand that dares to be ſo bold,
An impious Weapon 'gainſt his Life to hold:
Burſt every Heart that dares but think him ill;
Their guilty Souls with ſo much Terrour fill,
That of themſelves they may their Plot unfold,
And live no longer than the Tale is told:
Safe in your Care, all elſe will needleſs prove,
Yet keep him ſafe too in his Subjects love.
Your Subjects view you with ſuch Loyal eyes,
They know not how they may their Treaſure prize:
Were you defenceleſs, they would round you fall,
And Pile their Bodies to build up a Wall.
Were you diſtreſs'd, 'twould move a gen'rous ſtrife,
Who firſt ſhould looſe his own, to ſave your Life.
But ſince kind Heaven theſe dangers doth remove,
VVee'l find out other ways t' expreſs our Love.
VVee'l force the Traytors all, their Souls reſign,
To Herd with him that taught them their Deſign.

AN

ELEGY

On the Right Reverend

GILBERT SHELDON,

Ld Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury.*

WHen I heard *Sheldon* had to Fate reſign'd,
A ſudden Conſternation ſeiz'd my Mind,
Senſeleſs I ſtood, the dangerous Surprize
Kept back the Pious Tribute of my Eyes:
And tho no words can e're my Grief expreſs,
Yet by their own, all may judge it's Exceſs:
For when ſo good, ſo great a Prelate falls,
The World muſt Celebrate his Funerals:
And not a man in the vaſt Univerſe,
But ſends a Bleeding Heart t'attend his Herſe:
To tell his Vertues would whole Volumes ask,
And were a *Seraph's*, not a Womans task.

Over

Over his Flock, ſo tenderly Auſtere,
He taught them both at once, to Love and Fear;
So ſtrictly Pious, that to all that knew
His holy life, his Precepts needleſs grew.
Deſpis'd Religion did ſo Beauteous ſeem
In this bleſt Saint, it rais'd its firſt Eſteem:
His head, a Receptacle did contain
More Learning than the world can boaſt again.
He made his Wealth and large Poſſeſſions be,
But humble Handmaids to his Charitie;
VVhich was ſo great, it might be truly ſaid,
That by his Death the Poor were Orphans made:
VVhen ugly Treaſon flouriſht higheſt, he
Spight of the danger, own'd his Loyalty.
VVith joy he ſuffer'd for the Church and State,
And bore with eaſe the weightieſt ſtroaks of Fate.
Stop! ſtop a while! fierce Rapture choaks my words,
And no expreſſion to my Thoughts affords:
I am all admiration! and as well
Some heavenly Viſion, as his Worth might tell.

ACROSTICH.

All ſev'ral Beauties, Colours, Airs, and Grace,
None ever ſaw together in one Face:
No? hold a while; I do a Lady know,
Each ſeveral Beauty ſplendidly can ſhow.
But alaſs! Beauty's but the ſmalleſt Grace,
Unleſs it be i'th' Mind as well as Face:
Rare ſhe is too i'th' Beauties of the Mind;
Young, and yet wiſe, the wonder of her Kind.

ACROSTICH.

Apollo hence! thy aid I do refuſe;
No Nymph will I implore, nor yet no Muſe;
No Nectar do I want, to write her praiſe
Great Subjects, without help our Fancies raiſe:
In thy ſweet Face ſuch charming Beauties be,
Leſs we at Angels wonder than at thee:
Brighter than Suns thy lovely Eyes appear,
Each look doth a Majeſtick ſweetneſs wear:
Reign Sov'reign Queen of Beauty, Love, and wit,
Till Death's cold hand ſhall teach thee to ſubmit.

Love's firſt Approach.

Strephon I ſaw, and ſtarted at the ſight,
And interchangably look'd red and white;
I felt my Blood run ſwiftly to my heart,
And a chill Trembling ſeize each outward part:
My Breath grew ſhort, my Pulſe did quicker beat,
My Heart did heave, as it wou'd change its Seat:
A faint cold ſweat o're all my Body ſpread,
A giddy Megrim wheel'd about my head:
VVhen for the reaſon of this change I ſought,
I found my Eyes had all the miſchief wrought;
For they my Soul to *Strephon* had betray'd,
And my weak heart his willing Victim made:
The Traytors, conſcious of the Treaſon
They had committed 'gainſt my Reaſon,
Look'd down with ſuch a baſhful guilty Fear,
As made their fault to every Eye appear.
Tho the firſt fatal look too much had done,
The lawleſs wanderers wou'd ſtill gaze on,

Kind Looks repeat, and Glances ſteal, till they
Had look'd my Liberty and Heart away:
Great Love, I yield; ſend no more Darts in vain,
I am already fond of my ſoft Chain;
Proud of my Fetters, ſo pleas'd with my ſtate,
That I the very Thoughts of Freedom hate.
O Mighty Love! thy Art and Power joyn,
To make his Frozen breaſt as warm as mine;
But if thou try'ſt, and can'ſt not make him kind,
In Love ſuch pleaſant, real Sweets I find;
That though attended with Deſpair it be,
'Tis better ſtill than a wild Liberty.

The Change or Miracle.

VVhat Miracles this childiſh God has wrought!
Things ſtrange above belief! who wou'd have thought
My Temper cou'd be to this Tameneſs brought?

I, who the wanton Boy ſo long defi'd,
And his Fantaſtick Godhead did deride,
And laugh'd at Lovers with inſulting Pride:

Now

Now pale and faint, beneath his Altar lie,
Own him a great and glorious Deity,
And want the pitty that I did deny.

For my proud Victor does my Tears neglect,
Smiles at my Sighs, treats me with diſreſpect,
And if I do complain, with frowns I'm check't.

Though all I ſue for, be the empty bliſs
Of a kind Look, or at the moſt a Kiſs,
Yet he's ſo cruel to deny me this.

Before my Paſſion ſtruck my Reaſon blind,
Such Generoſity dwelt in my mind,
I car'd for none, and yet to all was kind.

But now I tamely bend, and ſue in vain,
To one that takes delight t' encreaſe my pain,
And proudly does Me, and my Love diſdain.

To a Gentleman that durſt not paſs the door while I ſtood there.

SIR,

PAſſions force compels me now to write,
And aggravates the wrongs I fain wou'd ſlight:
They to my Soul in ſuch loud clamours ſpeak,
That Reaſon to reſiſt them is too weak:
Firſt, Rage or Anger, (call it which you pleaſe)
VVhiſpers my Soul, bear ſuch affronts as theſe?
Can your great Mind be unconcern'd, when you
VVith your own Eyes did ſuch a paſſage view?
Can you with Patience hear him ſay, he dare
Not ſtir from thence while that fond Fool is there?
Oh! where is all your former Greatneſs gone?
You in this Act the *Stoicks* have out done:
He calls you fond, and kind, but let him ſee
You can diſdain ſuch petty things as he:
Thus Anger counſel'd me to do,----but when
I ſtrove to obey her Dictats, ah! then

Some-

Something like pitty in your Cauſe did plead,
And my faint Anger did in Triumph lead:
Shame pleaded next, and mildly did requeſt,
She might not quite be exil'd from my breſt,
VVhich ſhe muſt be, if I ſhou'd entertain
But the leaſt Thought of loving you again;
For when firſt notice of the words I took,
Such heat and blood into my Face it ſtruck,
My ſelf cou'd hardly tell for what it came,
VVhether I bluſh'd for anger or for ſhame:
But when your face I ſaw, I ſtraight grew cold,
I ſtarted, trembl'd, and my Eye-balls roul'd:
The breath I had ſcarce ſerv'd me to retire,
E're in a Swound I gently did expire.
But my high Thoughts, and too too gen'rous Flame,
Scorn'd to be curbed by a needleſs Shame:
Hate pleaded next, fiercer than all the reſt,
And yet a greater ſtranger to my breſt;
For my calme breſt, till now was ne're the Seat
Of Surly Paſſion, or unruly Heat,

Hate

Hate urg'd, each Action look'd as done in ſcorn,
Then asked if I to bear affronts was born:
This and much more She ſaid, but all in vain,
Ill thoughts of you I ne're cou'd entertain;
Your great Affronts, I witty Jeſts did think,
And at coy Looks would turn my head, or wink:
Nay, when you gave ſuch proofs of your Diſdain,
That I muſt ſee't, I gav't another Name;
I only thought you ſaw me go aſtray,
And generouſly put me in my way.
How ſtrangely is my Life perplex'd by fate!
I wou'd not Love, and yet I cannot hate.

Firſt farewel to *J. G.*

FArewel my dearer half, joy of my heart,
Heaven only knows how loth I am to part:
VVhole Months but hours ſeem, when you are here,
VVhen abſent, every Minute is a Year:
Might I but always ſee thy charming Face,
I'de live on Racks, and wiſh no eaſier place.

But

But we muſt part, your Intereſt ſays we muſt;
Fate, me no longer with ſuch Treaſure truſt.
I wou'd not tax you with Inconſtancy,
Yet *Strephon*, you are not ſo kind as I:
No Intereſt, no nor Fate it ſelf has pow'r
To tempt me from the Idol I adore:
But ſince you needs will go, may *Africk* be
Kinder to you, than *Europe* is to me:
May all you meet and every thing you view
Give you ſuch Tranſport as I met in you.
May no ſad thoughts diſturb your quiet mind,
Except you'l think of her you left behind.

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To Mr. J. G. *on his being choſen Steward of his Club, preſented with the Laurel.*

SIr, by your Merit led, to you I bring
A Laurel-wreath, but 'tis too mean a thing
For your high VVorth and Parts, which we
In vain wou'd Blazon by ſuch Herauldry:
For Laurel, Palme, and Olive, may ſet forth
Our Love to you, but not expreſs your worth;
VVhich doth exceed theſe humble types, as far
As *Titans* Rays out ſhine a twinkling Star:
I'le ſay no more, leſt while I make You beſt,
I ſeem Injurious to all the reſt
Of this fair Company, who do all by me
Chuſe you their Steward, and unanimouſly
Intreat your care, to make their Club to be
For Honour and Grandure, *The Society.*

To

To *J. G.* in abſence.

DEar Object of my Love! didſt thou but know
The Tortures, that I daily undergo
For thy dear ſake, thou ſure woud'ſt be ſo kind,
To weep the Troubles that invade my mind;
I need not tell thee that I dearly love,
No, all my Actions will my Paſſion prove:
For thee I've left the wiſe, the great, the good,
And on my Vows, not my Preferment ſtood.
Think then, dear *Strephon*, how unkind thou art,
To prove the Torturer of that tender heart,
That choſe thee out to be its chief Delight,
And knows no real Joy but in thy ſight.
Since firſt thy Courtſhip me to Love inclin'd,
Thou ne're haſt been one hour out of my mind.
How tedious then muſt thy long abſence be
To her, that wiſhes nothing elſe to ſee,
And lives not, but when in thy Company?
Haſte then dear Love! for if thou longer ſtay,
My Griefs will make me ſigh my Soul away.

Prologue to the Pair-Royal of Coxcombs, Acted at a Dancing-School.

Gallants,

IF, as you ſay, you Love Varietie,
VVe have ſome hopes, that you ſo kind will be
To the poor Play, to give it your Applauſe,
Though not for Wit, nor Worth, but yet becauſe
A Woman wrote it; though it be not rare,
It is not common. VVomen ſeldom dare
To reach ſo high, to entertain your Ears,
VVhich ſtrikes our Poets with a thouſand fears
Of your diſpleaſure; yet ſome little Ray
Of hope is left; for womens Pardons may
Be gain'd with eaſe ſurely from Gentlemen;
Be kind for once then to a Female Pen.
VVhen you with women in diſcourſe do ſit,
Before their Faces you'l commend their wit,
Pray flatter now, the Poet heareth it:
She hopes too, the great Wits, who croud the Age,
Cenſure the Poets, and undo the Stage,

VVon't

Won't undervalue ſo their mighty Wit,
To Criticize on what a Woman writ:
Yet if you'l have it ſo, it ſhall be Naught,
They that diſlike, are welcome to find Fault;
For She proteſts, She had no other ends
In writing this, than to divert her Friends:
Like, or diſlike, She's careleſs, bid me ſay,
That you ſhou'd Cenſure only when you Pay:
True, they muſt fawn, that write for a Third day.
She ſcornes ſuch Baſeneſs, therefore will not ſue:
But yet, bright Ladies, does ſubmit to you; (blaſt,
Your Smiles may cheriſh, what their Frowns wou'd
Then when they Hiſs, be pleas'd to Clap more faſt:
She knows your Judgments are too clear, and high
To be Deceiv'd, but knows no Reaſon why
You may not Pardon all the Faults you ſpy.
Be kind then Ladies to this trifling Play,
Her Wit is now i'th' Bud, when blown, She may
Preſent you with a better; till It come,
This, Ladies, humbly begs a gentle Doom.

The firſt Song in the Play.

BEgone fond Love, make haſte away,
Duty, not thee, our Souls muſt ſway:
Can thy Almighty Pow'rs
Find out no other Hearts,
To Shoot thy Fatal Darts,
But hapleſs Ours,
VVho cannot, though we wou'd, Obey?
What ſecret Pow'r is it, Controuls
The Empire thou pretend'ſt o're Souls?
That ſtill thy ſhafts are loſt,
And ſtill thou Shoot'ſt in vain,
For they that feel moſt Pain,
By Duty 're Croſt,
Or elſe unjuſtly meet Diſdain.

Fondly

Fondly Men ſay, the VVorld doth move
By Loves Command; for ſimple Love,
Alaſs! is Subject unto Fate:
Oh Love! Aſſert thy Pow'r,
And make the Dotards, in an hour
Our Faces hate,
And the young Knights like Swans or Turtles prove.

The Second Song.

COme quickly Death,
And with thy fatal Dart,
Releaſe that Heart
That hath too long been thy great Rivals Slave:
Oh! ſtop that Breath
I languiſh out in pain;
Let me not Sigh in vain,
But quick and gently ſend me to my Grave.

For ſince that Swain
That I ſo dearly prize,
Doth ſcorn my Sighs,
And break thoſe Sacred Vows to me he gave;
I'le not complain of Mans Inconſtancie,
But humbly Beg of thee, with ſpeed and eaſe,
To ſend me to my Grave.

And Love I'le ſtill
Adore thy Deity,
And Worſhip thee:
If to my alter'd Shepherd thou'lt Relate,
Since 'twas his will, I ſhould not call him mine,
I freely can Reſign, and Die for him,
And glory in my Fate.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

The Play is damn'd; well, That we look'd to hear,
Yet Gentlemen, pray be not too ſevere,
Though now the Poet at your Mercy lies,
Fates wheel may turn, and ſhe may chance to riſe.
Though ſhe's an humble Suppliant now to you,
Yet time may come, that you to her may Sue.
Pardon ſmall Errors, be not too unkind,
For if you be, ſhe'l keep it in her mind;
The ſelf ſame uſage that you give her Play,
She'l copy back to you another day.
If you her Wit, or Plot, or Fancy blame,
VVhen you Addreſſes make, She'l do the ſame;
But if you'l Clap the Play, and Praiſe the Rime,
She'l do as much for you another time.

Welcome to *J. G.*

Thoſe that can tell Heaven's Joy, when News is brought
That ſome Poor Sinners dear Converſion's wrought,
Might tell our Raptur'd Extaſies, when we
Receiv'd the News, that you were come from Sea:
Each wore ſuch Looks, as viſibly expreſt (Breſt:
Some more than common Joy, ſate ſmiling in his
Great as your Friend's Joys, you will nothing find,
Unleſs the Grief of thoſe you left behind:
I can deſcribe my Joy for your Return
No more, then tell how I your Abſence Mourn:
Both are beyond the reach of words t'expreſs,
And to deſcribe them, wou'd but make them leſs:
The Bleſſing of young Heirs is mixt with Pain,
And by their Father's Deaths, Princes their Empires
If then all pleaſure, meets with ſome allay, (gain)
Forgive me, Deareſt *Strephon*, if I ſay,
I almoſt Grieve to think that thou canſt be
Six days in *London*, e're thou Viſit me.

Wealth's

Wealth's Power.

HOw Happy was the VVorld before men found
Thoſe metals, Nature hid beneath the Ground!
All Neceſſary things She plac'd in View,
But this She wiſely hid, becauſe She knew
That it deſtructive to her work wou'd be,
And jarr the conſort of her Harmony:
No ſooner *Steel* was Found, but men began
To find new ways to Death, and cruel man
Made Swords, and Spears, and Bows, and Darts, which
Firſt uſe'd on Beaſt ——— (he
VVho fell the Victimes of his Cruelty:
Pride, and Revenge, then Rag'd in every Soul,
And Fiery Paſſion, Reaſon did controule.
But when thoſe Mines we're found which we call rich,
Becauſe their Glitt'ring Beauty did bewitch
And pleaſe our couſen'd Senſes, then with more
Than mean devotion, man did Gold adore:

Deluded man did then this Trifle call
The chiefeſt Good, that cou'd to him befall:
How ſtrangely, Frantick man, didſt thou miſtake,
When of this traſh thou didſt an Idol make?
For tho to it thou did'ſt no Altars rear,
Its Zealous Votary thou didſt appear;
This fatal Poyſon was by Heaven hid
I'th bowels of the earth, and when it did
By chance, i'th' Heſperian Garden ſhoot above,
Heaven, (knowing how miſchievous it wou'd prove)
The paſſage did with watchful Dragons guard,
And made the way to miſery, more hard
To paſs, than that which lead to Bliſs:
But all in vain, for had Heaven hidden this
I'th' Verge of Hell, man wou'd have fetcht it thence,
And thought it a ſufficient Recompence
For all his pains; but when he had attain'd,
This much deſired Curſe, he thought he'd gain'd
A Bleſſing Heav'n wou'd Envy, blut alas!
The worth, not in the Metal, but his Fancy was.

No

No Man did needleſs Merit now regard,
None Vertue ſought, none Valour wou'd reward,
None Learning valu'd, none poor Wit did mind,
None honour'd Age, few were to Beauty kind;
All Gold ador'd, all Riches did Admire,
Beyond being Rich, no Man did now aſpire.
Gold thus Advanc'd, and all things elſe neglected,
Juſtice depos'd, and Wiſdom diſreſpected;
They left the Earth to Wealth's more pow'rful ſway,
And fled to Heaven, while Man did Gold obey:
Now Money reign'd in chief, and ſottiſh Man,
A ſlaviſh ſervitude to Wealth began;
Kingdomes to Rule, and Princes to Adviſe,
Men fondly choſe the Rich, and not the Wiſe;
All lov'd the Man that had a good Eſtate,
And Poverty was cauſe enough to Hate;
The Rich might all things do, and Plaudits have
For his worſt Acts, but ſcarce the Poor cou'd ſave
His beſt from Cenſure; now it might be ſaid,
Wealth hid more Faults, than ever Folly made.

A Friend, though heretofore a Sacred Name,
Now, nothing but an empty Sound became;
For as Mens Riches did or Ebb, or Flow,
So leſs or more, their Friends did kindneſs ſhow:
Honour, that flew ſuch noble Flights before,
VVith gen'rous Pinions, now no more cou'd ſoare
Such Hights, but check'd, to ſtoop did not diſdain
T'a gilded Lure, and ware a Golden Chain:
Beauty, that all Men did for Heavenly hold,
Forgot its worth, and ſold its ſelf for Gold:
Nay Love, though more Divine than all the reſt,
Became a Mercenary, or at beſt,
A mingled Compound of deſire and wealth,
If any's better, 't muſt be had by Stealth:
Marriage is Love and Joynture mixt together,
And yet ſometimes it happens that there's neither:
But VVit this glorious trifle did diſdain,
VVealth ſtrove to make it yield, but all in vain,
More noble Objects gen'rous VVit did chuſe
To employ its Thoughts, and did this Traſh refuſe.

VVealth

VVealth threatn'd VVit it ever ſhou'd be Poor,
Yet VVit the Golden Calf wou'd not adore;
So when both ſaw their Labour was in vain,
They vow'd to part, and never meet again.

Song.

1.

RAnging the Plain, one Summers Night,
To paſs a vacant hour,
I fortunately chanc'd to light
On lovely *Phillis* bow'r:
The Nymph adorn'd with Thouſand Charms
In expectation ſate,
To meet ſuch joys in *Strephon's* Armes,
As Tongue can ne're Relate

2.

Upon her hand She lean'd her Head,
Her Breaſts did gently riſe,
And every Lover might have read
Her wiſhes in her Eyes;

With

With every breath that mov'd the Trees,
She ſuddainly wou'd Start,
A Cold on all her Body ſeiz'd,
A Trembling on her Heart.

3.

But He that knew how well ſhe Lov'd,
Beyond his Hour had ſtaid,
Which both with Fear and Anger mov'd,
The Melancholick Maid.
You Gods ſhe ſaid! how oft he Swore,
He wou'd be hear by One;
And now, alas! 'Tis Six and more,
And yet He is not come.

Loves Cruelty, or the Prayer.

SPeak cruel Love! what is't thou doſt intend?
Oh! tell me, have thy Tyrannies no end?
Tho to thy Pow'r I have a Rebel bin,
May not Repentance expiate my Sin?
Oh! long e're this, if I had injur'd Heaven,
So true a Convert it wou'd have forgiven:
Four times the Sun his Yearly Race hath run,
Since firſt my Heart was by my Eyes undone;
In all which time, thou ſcarce haſt been ſo kind,
To give one Minutes Quiet to my mind;
Thou takeſt from me the Relliſh of Delights,
My Days no Pleaſure know, no Sleep my Nights:
With wandring thoughts each Pray'r thou doſt pro-
(I offer to my God) and mak'ſt them vain. (phane,
Sometimes with Books I wou'd divert my mind,
But nothing there but J's and G's I find:
Sometimes to eaſe my Grief, my Pen I take,
But it no Letters but J G will make.

I ſeek

I ſeek Diverſion in Company,
But my diſcourſe great Love, is all of Thee;
In Sighs and Sobs, I Languiſh out the Night
And all the day, in Tears I drown my Sight:
Yet I no pity can from thee obtain,
Thou'lt neither Cure, nor mitigate my Pain:
Mercyleſs Tyrant! Since thou wilt not Save,
Quickly Deſtroy, and ſend me to my Grave.

The Reply, by a Friend.

WHat Pray'r inceſſant, to my Ears does fly?
What proud Preſumption me of Tyranny
Accuſeth? can Love whoſe pow're is ſo Great,
Be taxed with Ingratitude, or Hate?
Fond Girle forbear, and know that your Diſpair
Is want of Courage, cou'd you once but dare
Your Victor, and my Vaſſal, you ſhou'd ſee,
How Heav'n wou'd puniſh his inconſtancy:
But while your Hope on his fond Vows relies,
And thinks Heaven minds thoſe little Perjuries,

You

You quit the greater Pow'r, that you may claime
By Beauty's Conqueſt, the loſs of it's your Shame:
When firſt to you he his Addreſſes made,
Smiles gave him Life, your frowns, ſtrike him Dead;
But Viper like, being in your Boſom warm'd,
And his chill'd Soul being into Action charm'd
By th' Influence of your Beams, he ſtraight denies
What gave his Love a Life, and from it flies;
From ſuch a Rebel, as from Plagues i'de run;
'Twixt Love and Hate, is no compariſon:
Nor is he worth your Anger, or your Scorn,
Do but forget that ever he was Born:
You can't believe the Gods would e're create
Ingratitude, that Quinteſſence of Hate.
Think him a *Spectrum*, that had only Shape
Without Subſtance, and Love did onely Ape,
Then reaſſume that Pow'r, that Nature's Law
Gives to your Sex; be Wiſe, keep Slaves in Awe:
Be generous in Love, Love not in vain,
'Tis baſe to Love, where we're not Lov'd again.

Celadon.

To *J. G.*

TEll me you Hate; and Flatter me no more:
By Heaven I do not wiſh you ſhou'd adore;
With humbler Bleſſings, I content can be,
I only beg, that you would pity me;
In as much Silence as I firſt deſign'd,
To bear the Raging Torture of my Mind;
For when your Eyes firſt made my Heart your Slave,
I thought t'have hid my Fetters in my Grave:
Heaven witneſs for me, that I ſtrove to hide
My violent Love, and my fond Eyes did chide
For glancing at thee; and my Bluſhes hid,
With as much care as ever Virgin did.
And though I languiſh'd in the greateſt pain
That e're deſpairing Lover did ſuſtain;
I ne're in publick did let fall a Tear,
Nor breath'd a Sigh i'th' reach of any Ear:

Yet

Yet I in private, drew no Breath but Sighs,
And Show'rs of Tears fell from my wretched Eyes:
The Lillies left my Front, the Roſe my Cheeks,
My Nights were ſpent in Sobs and ſuddain Shreeks,
I felt my ſtrength Inſenſibly decay'd,
And Death aproach; but ah! then you convey'd
Soft Am'rous tales into my liſtning Ears,
And gentle Vows, and well becoming Tears,
Then deeper Oaths, nor e're your Seige remov'd
'Till I confeſt my Flame, and own'd I lov'd:
Your kinder Smiles had rais'd my Flames ſo high,
That all at Diſtance might the Fire Diſcry,
I took no care my Paſſion to ſuppreſs,
Nor hide the Love I thought I did poſſeſs:
But ah! too late I find, your Love was ſuch
As Gallants pay in courſe, or ſcarce ſo much:
You Shun my ſight, you feed me with delays,
You ſlight, affront, a Thouſand ſeveral ways
You doe Torment with Study'd Cruelty,
And yet alternately you Flatter me,

Oh! if you Love not, plainly ſay you hate,
And give my Miſeries a ſhorter date,
'Tis kinder than to Linger out my Fate;
And yet I cou'd with leſs regret have Dy'd,
A Victime to your Coldneſs, than your Pride.

Song.

1.

BEneath a ſpreading Willows ſhade,
Ephelia, a harmleſs Maide,
Sate rifling Natures ſtore
Of every Sweet, with which ſhe made
A Garland for her *Strephons* Head
As Gay as ever Shepherd wore.

2.

She ſeem'd to know no other Care,
But wether Pinks, or Roſes there,
Or Lillys look'd moſt ſweet,

Scarce

Scarce thinking on her Faithleſs Swain,
VVho Ranging on the neighb'ring Plain,
A wanton Shepherdeſs did meet.

3.

But by Miſchance, he led her near
Th' Unlucky, Fatal Willow, where
His kind *Ephelia* ſate;
He told the Kindneſs that ſhe ſhow'd,
Boaſted the Favours ſhe beſtow'd,
And glory'd that he was ingrate.

4.

The Angry Nymph, did rudely tare
Her Garland firſt, and then her Hair,
To hear her Self abus'd:
Oh Love! (ſhe ſaid) is it the Fate
Of all that Love, to meet with Hate,
And be like me, unkindly us'd?

To my Rival.

SInce you dare Brave me, with a Rivals Name,
You ſhall prevail, and I will quit my Claime:
For know, proud Maid, I Scorn to call him mine,
Whome thou durſt ever hope to have made thine:
Yet I confeſs, I lov'd him once ſo well,
His preſence was my Heav'n, his abſence Hell:
With gen'rous excellence I fill'd his Breſt,
And in ſweet Beauteous Forms his Perſon dreſt;
For him I did Heaven, and its Pow'r deſpiſe,
And onely liv'd by th' Influence of his Eyes:
I fear'd not Rivals, for I thought that he
That was poſſeſs'd of ſuch a Prize as me,
All meaner Objects wou'd Contemn, and Slight,
Nor let an abject thing Uſurpe my Right:
But when I heard he was ſo wretched Baſe
To pay devotion to thy wrinkled Face
I Baniſht him my ſight, and told the Slave,
He had no Worth, but what my Fancy gave:

'Twas

'Twas I that raiſ'd him to this Glorious State,
And can as eaſily Annihilate:
But let him live, Branded with Guilt, and Shame,
And Shrink into the Shade from whence he came;
His Puniſhment ſhall be, the Loſs of Me,
And be Augmented, by his gaining Thee.

Neglect Returned.

PRoud *Strephon*! doe not think my Heart
So abſolute a Slave:
Nor in ſo mean a ſervile ſtate,
But if I ſay that you're Ingrate,
I've Pride, and Pow'r, enough, my Chains to Brave.

2.

I Scorn to Grieve, or Sigh for one,
That does my Tears Neglect;
If in your Looks you Coldneſs wear,
Or a deſire of Change Appear,
I can your Vows, your Love, and you Reject.

3.

What refin'd Madneſs wou'd it be,
VVith Tears to dim thoſe Eyes,
VVhoſe Rays, if Grief do not Rebate,
Each hour new Lovers might Create,
And with each Look, gain a more glorious Prize!

4.

Then do not think with Frowns to Fright,
Or Threaten me with Hate,
For I can be as cold as you,
Diſdain as much, as proudly too,
And break my Chain in ſpight of Love or Fate.

On a Baſhful Shepherd.

1.

YOung *Clovis*, by a lucky Chance,
His Lov'd *Ephelia* ſpy'd,
In ſuch a place, as might advance
His Courage, and abate her Pride:

VVith

VVith Eyes that might have told his Sute,
Although his baſhful Tongue was mute,
Upon her gazed he,
But the Coy Nymph, though in Surprize,
Upon the Ground fixing her Eyes,
The Language wou'd not ſee.

2.

VVith gentle Graſps he woo'd her Hand
And ſigh'd in ſeeming Pain,
But this ſhe wou'd not underſtand,
His Signs were all in vain:
Then change of Bluſhes next he try'd,
And gave his Hand freedom to ſlide
Upon her panting Breſt;
Finding ſhe did not this controul,
Unto her Lips he gently ſtole,
And bid her gueſs the reſt.

3.

She bluſh'd, and turn'd her Head aſide,
And ſo much Anger feign'd,
That the poor Shepherd almoſt Dy'd,

And ſhe no Breath retain'd:
Her killing Frown ſo chill'd his Blood,
He like a ſenſeleſs Statue ſtood,
Nor further durſt he Woe,
And tho his Bleſſing was ſo near,
Check'd by his Modeſty and Fear,
He faintly let it goe.

Maidenhead:
Written at the Requeſt of a Friend,

AT your Intreaty, I at laſt have writ
This whimſey, that has nigh nonpluſt my wit:
The Toy I've long enjoyed, if it may
Be call'd t'Enjoy, a thing we wiſh away;
But yet no more its Character can give,
Than tell the Minutes that I have to Live:
'Tis a fantaſtick Ill, a loath'd Diſeaſe,
That can no Sex, no Age, no Perſon pleaſe:
Men ſtrive to gain it, but the way they chuſe
T'obtain their Wiſh, that and the Wiſh doth loſe;

Our

Our Thoughts are ſtill uneaſie, till we know
What 'tis, and why it is deſired ſo:
But th'firſt unhappy Knowledge that we boaſt,
Is that we know, the valu'd Trifle's loſt:
Thou dull Companion of our active Years,
That chill'ſt our warm Blood with thy frozen Fears:
How is it likely thou ſhou'dſt long endure,
When Thought it ſelf thy Ruin may procure?
Thou ſhort liv'd Tyrant, that Uſurp'ſt a Sway
O're Woman-kind, though none thy Pow'r obey,
Except th' Ill-natur'd, Ugly, Peeviſh, Proud,
And theſe indeed, thy Praiſes Sing aloud:
But what's the Reaſon they Obey ſo well?
Becauſe they want the Power to Rebell:
But I forget, or have my Subject loſt:
Alaſs! thy Being's Fancy at the moſt:
Though much deſired, 'tis but ſeldom Men
Court the vain Bleſſing from a Womans Pen.

The Reconcilement.

IF you Repent, can I forgive your Crime,
Except you Love again, and call you Mine:
What Queſtion's this? Ask ſome poor Slave if he
Will take again his former Liberty:
Some greedy Miſer ask, that Gold had loſt
If hee'l Receiv't again: one that is toſt
In a feirce Tempeſt, on the raging Main,
Ask if he wou'd be ſafe on Land again:
Ask the Diſeaſed, if they wou'd be Well
Or ask the Damn'd, if they wou'd leave their Hell:
But ask not me a Queſtion So Vain,
As, can you take my wandring Heart again.
No Conqu'ring *Hero* e're did Foes perſue
VVith half the Pleaſure, that I took in you;
No Youthful Monarch, of a Glit'ring Crown,
Or prating Coxcomb, of a Scarlet Gown
VVas half ſo proud, as I was of your Love;
Nor cou'd great *Juno*'s State my Envy move,

VVhile

VVhile in your Heart I thought I Reigned in chief.
Then *Strephon*, think, how killing was the Grief
That I ſuſtain'd, to find my Empire loſt,
And ſervile *Mopſa* of your Conqueſt boaſt:
None but a depoſ'd Monarch, made a Scorn
By the rude Slaves that were his Vaſſals born,
VVho while th' Imperial Circle grace'd his Brow,
At awfull diſtance, to his Feet did bow,
His Scepter ſnatch'd by an unworthy hand,
That late was proud to wait his leaſt command,
But now th'Inſulting wretch dares threat the Head
Of him, whoſe Frown but late cou'd look him dead,
Cou'd gueſs the horrid Tortures ſeiz'd my mind,
VVhen I perceiv'd you were to *Mopſa* kind:
That ill-look't Hag! who nere had guilty bin,
(No not in thought) of ſuch a dareing Sin,
Had you not broke the Solemne Faith you vow'd,
Made me a Scorn to the Ignoble Crow'd
Of vulgar Nymphs, who now dare loudly prate
Reviling tales, they durſt not think of late.

I did almoſt to Death this uſage Mourn,
Yet 'tis forgot i'th' Joy of your Return;
Your proofs of Penitence ſhall be but ſmall,
Look kind on me, and not on her at all.

Song.

1.

OBſcure the Glories of your Eyes,
Or give us leave to Love:
To ſee, and not deſire that Prize,
Impoſſible muſt prove:
Look not ſo nicely on your Slave,
That at your Feet doth bow,
When ſuch enticeing Looks you gave,
To tempt the Fool ſo low.

2.

Coy wanton Nymph, though you forbid
Your Slaves to ſeek Redreſs,
And force us keep our Torture hid,
Your Guilt is ne're the leſs.

It cannnot ſure be Pity found,
But barb'rous Cruelty,
VVhen you with Pleaſure give a VVound
So deep, you ſtart to ſee.

To a Lady who (tho Married) could not endure Love ſhould be made to any but her Self.

SAy, jealous *Phillida*, what Humour's this?
No Shepherd can beſtow a Smile or Kiſs
On any Nymph, but you muſt pout and vex:
Wou'd you Monopolize the Maſc'line Sex?
Is not the ſprightly *Damon*'s heart Your Prize,
Securely bound by *Hymens* Sacred ties?
Strephon and *Colon*, your Adorers are,
And baſhful *Cleon* does your Fetters wear;
Young *Coridon* did by your Beauty fall;
Inſatiate Nymph! wou'd you ingroſs them All?
Who doth not ſmile, to ſee what Pains you take
To watch our private Meetings, and to make

Cur

Our Amours publick? and if your liſt'ning Ear
By chance ſoft Amorous Diſcourſes hear,
Then raging Mad: with Jealouſie and Pride,
You curſe the Shepherds, and the Nymphs you chide.
But why thus Angry? if we entertain
The Heart and Love of ſome poor humble Swain,
VVho never his cheap Thoughts ſo high durſt liſt,
As to preſent you with ſo mean a Gift;
What wrong have you? why ſhou'd you break your Reſt,
If they to us preſent a *Linnets* Neſt,
A Wreath of Flowers, or a Bunch of Grapes,
Filberts, or Strawberries, or the Roots of Rapes?
When Lambs and Kids, are daily offer'd you
By the great Swains, that for your favour ſue;
If any Shepherdeſs ſo bold dare be,
T'invade thy Right, or proudly Rival thee,
Th'had'ſt Reaſon for thy Anger; but while we
Content with what you ſlight and ſcorn can be,
Why ſhou'd you Envy, or diſturb our Joys?
Let us poſſeſs in Peace theſe little Toys.

ACROS-

ACROSTICH.

V ain Girl, thy Muſe to be more Modeſt teach;
E ndeavour not at things above thy Reach:
N o common Pen for this great Task is fit,
I t asks great *Dryden*'s, or ſweet *Cowley*'s Wit:
T' expreſs the Beauteous wonders of your Face,
I nimitable Colours, Features, Grace,
A ngelick Sweetneſs, and a charming State,

C ompounded ſweetly, on each Look doth wait:
O h, if my Fancy cou'd but reach your Worth,
O r find fit Epithets to ſet it forth,
K ings then to thy fair Eyes ſhou'd Homage pay,
E xpreſſing Thee more like the Gods than They.

SONG.

SONG.

1.

YOu wrong me *Strephon*, when you ſay,
I'me Jealous or Severe,
Did I not ſee you Kiſs and Play
With all you came a neer?
Say, did I ever Chide for this,
Or caſt one Jealous Eye
On the bold Nymphs, that ſnatch'd my Bliſs
While I ſtood wiſhing by?

2.

Yet though I never diſapprov'd
This modiſh Liberty;
I thought in them you only lov'd,
Change and Variety:
I vainly thought my Charms ſo ſtrong,
And you ſo much my Slave,
No Nymph had Pow'r to do me Wrong,
Or break the Chains I gave.

3.

But when you ſeriouſly Addreſs,
With all your winning Charms,
Unto a Servile Shepherdeſs,
I'le throw you from my Arms:
I'de rather chuſe you ſhou'd make Love
To every Face you ſee,
Then *Mopſa*'s dull Admirer prove,
And let Her Rival me.

ACROSTICH.

R areſt of Virgins, in whoſe Breaſt and Eyes,
A ll that is Vertuous and Lovely lies:
C ou'd I deſcribe but half thy Excellence,
H ow wou'd the Gods with ſpeed Bodies condenſe!
E ternity for Thee they wou'd deſpiſe,
L eave their Divine Abodes, new Shapes deviſe,
L ovelier than that which *Danaë* did ſurprize.

P roud if in any Form they thee cou'd pleaſe,
O r give to their Immortal Cares ſome eaſe;
W hen us, poor Mortals, with your Sight you bleſs,
N one can find words their wonder to expreſs;
E namouring and dazling with your Sight,
Y ou prove at once our Torture and Delight.

The

The Twin Flame.

FAntaſtick, wanton God, what do'ſt thou mean
To break my Reſt? make me grow pale and lean,
And offer Sighs, and yet not know to who,
Or what's more ſtrange, to ſigh at once for two.
Tyrant! Thou know'ſt I was thy Slave before,
And humbly did thy Deity Adore:
I lik'd, nay, doated on my *Strephon*'s Face,
And Sung his Praiſe, and thine in every place.
My Soul he ſingly ſway'd, alone poſſeſt
My Love, and reign'd ſole Monarch of my Breaſt:
Was not all this enough? but thou fond Boy,
Wanton with too much Pow'r, (thy Self t'employ)
Muſt in my Breaſt (oh! let it ne're be told)
Kindle new Flame, yet not put out the Old?
Young *Clovis* now, (though I oppoſe in vain)
Succeeds not *Strephon*, but doth with him Reign:

And I, though both I love, dare neither chooſe,
Leſt gaining one, I ſhou'd the other looſe:
Both Fires are equal great, Flame equal high,
Yet ſpight of this, a difference I deſcry;
One wild and raging, furiouſly Devours
My Peace, my Reſt, and all my pleaſant Hours;
The other mild and gentle, like thoſe Fires
That melt Perfumes, creates as ſweet deſires:
That doth with Violence to Paſſion tend,
This climbs no higher than the name of Friend.
Yes, greedy *Strephon*, you ſhall ever be
My only Love, and ſingly Reign o're me:
My Paſſion you ſhall Monopolize,
You've ſuch reſiſtleſs Magick in your Eyes.
Though *Clovis* Merits yours do far tranſcend,
Yet I'm your Lover, and but *Clovis* Friend;
Blindly I love you, yet too plain diſcover,
He'l prove a better Friend then you a Lover.
Accept ſweet *Clovis* of that little part
I can preſent of my unruly Heart.

Cou'd

Cou'd I command my Love, or know a way
My Stubborn, lawleſs Paſſion to ſway,
My Love I wou'd not Parcel, nor beſtow
A little Share, where more than all I owe:
This undeſerving *Strephon* I wou'd teare
From my fond Breaſt, and place your Merit there:
But 'tis not in my Pow'r, ſome hidden Fate
Compels me love Him that I ſtrive to Hate.
That Love we to our Prince or Parents pay,
I'le bear to you, and love an humble way:
I'le pay you Veneration for your Love,
And your Admirer, not your Miſtreſs prove.
Oh! be contented with the Sacred Name
Of Friend, and an inviolable Flame
For you I will preſerve, and the firſt place
Of all the few I with that Title grace:
And yet this Friendſhip doth ſo faſt improve,
I dread, leſt it in time ſhou'd grow to Love.

To a Proud Beauty.

IMperious Fool! think not becauſe you're Fair,
That you ſo much above my Converſe are:
VVhat though the Gallants ſing your Praiſes loud,
And with falſe Plaudits make you vainly Proud?
Tho they may tell you all Adore your Eyes,
And every Heart's your willing Sacrifice;
Or ſpin the Flatt'ry finer, and perſwade
Your eaſie Vanity, that we were made
For Foyles to make your Luſtre Shine more Bright,
And muſt pay Homage to your dazling Light;
Yet know what ever Stories they may tell,
All you can boaſt, is, to be pretty well:
Know too, you ſtately piece of Vanity,
That you are not Alone ador'd, for I
Fantaſtickly might mince, and ſmile, as well
As you, if Airy Praiſe my mind cou'd ſwell:

Nor

Nor are the loud Applauſes that I have,
For a fine Face, or things that Nature gave;
But for acquired Parts, a gen'rous Mind,
A pleaſing Converſe, neither Nice nor Kind:
When they that ſtrive to Praiſe you moſt, can ſay
No more, but that you're Handſome, brisk and gay:
Since then my Fame's as great as yours is, why
Should you behold me with a loathing Eye?
If you at me caſt a diſdainful Eye,
In biting Satyr I will Rage ſo high,
Thunder ſhall pleaſant be to what I'le write,
And you ſhall Tremble at my very Sight;
VVarn'd by your Danger, none ſhall dare again,
Provoke my Pen to write in ſuch a ſtrain.

SONG.

1.

BE Judge, dear *Strephon*, was it kind,
Through ev'ry ſenſe t' invade my Heart;
And when I had my Soul reſign'd,
To play a Cruel Tyrants part?

2.

Being your Slave, I'm not ſo vain
To hope to have one minutes Eaſe,
But ſhou'd take Pleaſure in my Pain,
If my Dear Conqu'rer it wou'd pleaſe.

3.

In Sighs, and Sobs, and Groans, and Tears,
And Languiſhment I paſs the Day,
My Reſt at Night is broke with Fears,
Yet you my Grief with Scorns repay.

4. But

4.

But Since you can ſo Cruel prove,
To mock the Suffrings you Create,
Triumph and Boaſt how much I Love,
I'le give your Mirth a ſpeedy Date.

5.

For know, Inſulter, I diſdain
To live to feed your Vanity;
My Blood ſhall waſh out that fond Stain,
My Honour got by loving Thee.

To one that asked me why I lov'd *J. G.*

WHy do I Love? go, ask the Glorious Sun
Why every day it round the world doth Run:
Ask *Thames* and *Tyber*, why they Ebb and Flow:
Ask Damask Roſes, why in *June* they blow:
Ask Ice and Hail, the reaſon, why they're Cold:
Decaying Beauties, why they will grow Old:
They'l tell thee, Fate, that every thing doth move,
Inforces them to this, and me to Love.
There is no Reaſon for our Love or Hate,
'Tis irreſiſtable, as Death or Fate;
'Tis not his Face; I've ſence enough to ſee,
That is not good, though doated on by me:
Nor is't his Tongue, that has this Conqueſt won;
For that at leaſt is equall'd by my own:

His

His Carriage can to none obliging be,
'Tis Rude, Affected, full of Vanity:
Strangely Ill-natur'd, Peeviſh, and Unkind,
Unconſtant, Falſe, to Jealouſie inclin'd;
His Temper cou'd not have ſo great a Pow'r,
'Tis mutable, and changes every hour:
Thoſe vigorous Years that Women ſo Adore,
Are paſt in him: he's twice my Age and more;
And yet I love this falſe, this worthleſs Man,
VVith all the Paſſion that a VVoman can;
Doat on his Imperfections, though I ſpy
Nothing to Love; I Love, and know not why.
Sure 'tis Decreed in the dark Book of Fate,
That I ſhou'd Love, and he ſhou'd be ingrate.

Intended

Intended Farewel to *J. G.*

FArewel, Dear Love! may'ſt thou have in Exceſs,
Pleaſure, Delight, Content, and Happineſs:
Oh may thy Joys but equalize my Grief,
Thine great, above compare, as mine beyond Relief:
'Twere vain to wiſh Fate wou'd to thee be kind,
'Twere vain for thee to bribe the Sea or Wind,
'Twere vainer yet to fear a Storm or Fight,
Who know thy Worth, ſuch thoughts as theſe will
The Fates their Duty ſo well underſtand, (ſlight.
Without my Wiſh, they'l bring thee ſafe to Land;
Thy Merits and it's charge, Heaven ſo well knows,
'Twill guard thee, though unpray'd to, from thy foes,
If thou haſt any; But ſure no one can
Bear hatred to ſo Great, ſo Brave a Man.
But if by chance, thy Princes Enemie
Shou'd hope to make your Ship their Prize to be,

Tell

Tell the Brave Captain, that he need not fear
Their Force, though Strong, for if thou but appear,
With Awful Reverence they'l ſtrait Retire,
And hold it Impious one Gun to Fire:
Sav'd by thy Pow'r, they'l all acknowledge thee
The Guardian Angel of the Ship to be.

Mocked in Anger.

FArewel ungrateful Man, Sail to ſome Land,
Where Treach'ry and Ingratitude command;
There meet with all the Plagues that Man can bear,
And be as Wretched, as I'm Happy here.
'Twere vain to wiſh that Heav'n wou'd Puniſh thee,
'Twere vain to Invocate the Wind and Sea,
To fright thee with rude Storms, for ſurely Fate
Without a wiſh, will Puniſh the Ingrate
It's Juſtice and thy Crimes, Heaven ſo well knows,
That all it's Creatures it will make thy Foes:

(If

(If they're not ſo already) but none can
Love ſuch a worthleſs, ſuch a ſordid Man;
And though we've now no publick Enemies,
And you're too ſtrong for private Piracies,
Yet is the Veſſel in more danger far,
Than when with all our Neighbours we had War:
For all that know what Gueſt it doth contain,
VVill ſtrive to Fire or Sink it in the Main.
Plagu'd for thy ſake, they all will reckon thee
The *Achan*, or Accurſed thing to be.

A Lovers State.

UNthinking Fool! wrong not thy Reaſon ſo,
To fancy Pleaſures in Loves Empire grow.
Alaſs! a Lovers ſtate is full of Fears,
Their daily Entertainment, Sighs and Tears:
The Cruel god, in Tortures did delight,
And either Shoots at Rovers, or in Spight.

Amongſt

Amongſt his numerous Slaves, you'l hardly find,
One pair of Lovers mutually kind;
Or if they be, thoſe mighty Bars of Fate,
Int'reſt and Friends, their Perſons ſeparate:
An am'rous Youth, here for a Lady Dies,
Offring his Heart a Tribute to her Eyes:
With thouſand Vows, which proudly ſhe Rejects,
Sighs for another that her Sighs neglects.
A beautious Nymph, whom Heaven and Nature made
To be by all Ador'd, by all Obey'd:
Though thouſand Victims ſigh beneath her Feet,
In all her Conqueſts can no Pleaſure meet:
But for ſome Sullen Youth, who proudly Flies,
Dreſſes her Cheeks in Tears, in languid looks her Eyes.
Here we ſhall Lovers find, poſſeſſing all
That by miſtake, we Joys and Pleaſures call;
And yet with Jealouſies and Idle fears,
Eclipſe 'em ſo, that ſcarce a Glimps appears.
Men are unconſtant, and delight to Range,
Not to gain Freedom, but their Fetters change:

And

And, what a Year they did with Paſſion ſeek,
Grows troubleſome, and nauſeous in a Week:
And the poor Lady, newly taught to Love,
With Grief and Horror, ſees her Man remove.
Wonder not then thou canſt no Pleaſure ſee,
But know thou ſeek'ſt it, where it cannot be.
Who vainly ſeeks for Joys in Love, as well
Might Quiet ſeek in Courts, and Eaſe in Hell.

A Vindication to angry *Clovis*.

DEar *Clovis*! can'ſt thou entertain one Thought
That I, who've with ſo many Hazards ſought
T'oblige and pleaſe Thee, now wou'd blot thy Name,
Or ſeek t'Eclipſe thy well deſerved Fame?
Shou'd but one word ſlip from my heedleſs Tongue,
Againſt that Vertue I've admired ſo long,
To expiate it's guilt, I'de in thy ſight,
The Impious Criminal in pieces bite.

Knew'ſt

Knew'ſt thou my thoughts, I then wou'd ſcorn to fear
The Envious Tales of any Whiſperer:
But ſince that Object is not in thy ken,
My Heart's true Effigiis take from my Pen;
In my Eſteem, thou haſt ſo high a Seat,
All I think of Thee's, Eminently great:
From thy ſweet Tongue, one word ne're ſlipt away,
That holy Prieſts, or Angels, might not ſay:
Thy Actions ſo juſt, and free from Blame,
Heaven by thy Life it's Sacred Laws might frame:
The ſcatter'd Vertues that all mankind Share,
In thy great ſelf alone united are:
Theſe are my thoughts of Thee, and while they flow
Thus pure, my Tongue can no foul language know:
Thoſe prophane Words cou'd never come from me,
For had'ſt thou Faults, I have no Eyes to ſee:
So faſt the Ties of ſacred Friendſhip bind,
That when I ſhou'd not ſee, I can be blind:
Thou know'ſt I can not wrong thee, if I wou'd;
And *Clovis* know, I wou'd not if I cou'd.

Laſt Farewel to *J. G.*

FArewell thou ſoft Seducer of my Eyes,
That, in Loves ſhape, did'ſt Cruelty diſguiſe,
No longer ſhall thy lovely Melting Charms
Bewitch my Soul, to pleaſe it's ſelf in Harms;
No more I'le ſhow'r down unregarded Tears;
No more I'le break my Reſt, with Am'rous Fears;
With Scorching Sighs, I'le blaſt my Lips no more,
No more thy Pity I'le in vain implore;
In Languiſhment, no more my Eyes I'le dreſs,
But reaſſume that Heart thou did'ſt poſſeſs;
For ſince the Gueſt thou wou'd'ſt not entertain,
It was but juſt, it ſhou'd return again:
Now 'tis my own again, with care, and Art
I'le guard each paſſage that leads to my Heart;
Love ſhall Reſign, and Reaſon ſhall command,
And Care and Wiſdome Sentinels ſhall ſtand:

My

My treachrous eyes, nor thy more treachrous tongue,
Shall not betray me as they've done too long:
Nor will I caſt one ſingle Thought on Thee,
Unleſs my Heart again Aſſaulted be;
Then I'le remind it of thy Cruelty:
And though the Headſtrong Paſſion ſhou'd prevaile
Againſt my Reaſon, yet this barb'rous Tale
Wou'd make the Rebel willingly Submit,
And change the Fever, to an Ague fit:
For who again wou'd venture on that Shore,
Where hee'd been ſplit and Shipwrackt once before.

The Unkind Parting.

LOvely Unkind! cou'd you ſo Cruel be
To leave the Land e're you took Leave of me?
Explain this myſtick Act, and let me know
Whether it doth your Hate, or Kindneſs ſhow:
Lov'd you too well my Parting ſighs to hear?
Or wanted Strength my kinder Tears to bear?

Or were you Tend'rer yet, and did decline
A ſolemn Leave, not for your Sake, but mine?
Leſt my kind Heart o're charg'd with too much Grief,
Shou'd with my Farewell-ſighs breath out my Life.
Or was it (how the very Thought doe's fright!)
To ſhow with how much Contempt you cou'd ſlight?
Or d'd you love ſo little, that no Thought
Of poor *Ephelia* to your mind was brought?
No, no, 'twas none of theſe; I gueſs thy mind:
Strephon! thou knew'ſt I was ſo fondly kind,
That at the News of Parting, into Tears
I ſtrait had melted, Thouſand Am'rous Fears
I had Suggeſted to my ſelf, and you
In Complaiſance muſt needs have done ſo too:
You muſt have told how loth you were to part,
And vow'd that tho you went, I kept your Heart;
Omitted nothing tender Love cou'd ſhew,
From my pale Cheeks have kiſt the Pearly Dew;
Spoke all the tender'ſt things you cou'd deviſe,
And to the old added new Perjuries;

Vow'd

Vow'd Conſtancy in Abſence, and then Swear,
A quick Return ſhou'd diſſipate my Fear:
All of theſe pleaſing Vanities, you knew,
A declar'd Lover was oblig'd to doe:
But to this trouble you wou'd not be brought,
But ſtole in ſilence hence; yet tho you thought
This Tale too long, and troubleſome to tell,
You might have graſp'd my hand, and ſaid Farewel;
At which dire Words, ſuch Conſternation wou'd
Have ſeiz'd my Soul, I ſenſeleſs ſhou'd have ſtood
'Till you beyond a Sigh's faint Call had fled;
Nay, till *Tangiere*, you'd near recovered:
This way, my Kindneſs cou'd not tireſome be,
Nor your Neglect wou'd not have troubled me.

Seeing *Strephon* Ride by after him I ſuppoſed gone.

STay lovely Youth! do not ſo ſwiftly fly
From her your Speed muſt cauſe as quick to die:
Each ſtep you take, hales me a ſtep more near
To the cold Grave: (nor is't an idle Fear)
For know, my Soul to you is chained faſt,
And if you make ſuch cruel, fatal haſt,
Muſt quit it's Seat, and be ſo far unkind,
To leave my fainting, breathleſs Trunk behind:
Your Sight unthought of, did ſo much ſurpriſe,
You might have ſeen my Soul danc'd in my Eyes;
But the cold Look you gave in paſſing by,
Froze my warm Blood, and taught my Hopes to die:
When you were paſt, my Spirits ſoon did fail,
My Limbs grew ſtiff and cold, my Face grew pale:
My Heart did Pant, ſcarce cou'd I fetch my Breath,
In every part nothing appear'd but Death:

Yet

Yet did my Eyes perſue your cruel Flight,
Nor ever mov'd, 'till you were out of Sight:
But then, alas, it cannot be expreſt,
I faint, I faint, my Death ſhall tell the reſt.

SONG.

1.

KNow, *Celadon*! in vain you uſe
Theſe little Arts to me:
Though *Strephon* did my Heart refuſe,
I cannot give it thee:
His harſh Refuſal hath not brought
It's Value yet ſo low,
That what was worth that Shepherds Thoughts,
I ſhou'd on You beſtow.

2.

Nor can I love my *Strephon* leſs,
For his ungrateful Pride,
Though Honour does, I muſt confeſs,
My guilty Paſſion chide.

That lovely Youth I ſtill adore,
Though now it be in vain;
But yet of him, I ask no more
Than Pity for my Pain.

To Madam *Behn.*

MAdam! permit a Muſe, that has been long
Silent with wonder, now to find a Tongue:
Forgive that Zeal I can no longer hide,
And pardon a neceſſitated Pride.
VVhen firſt your ſtrenuous polite Lines I read,
At once it Wonder and Amazement bred,
To ſee ſuch things flow from a Womans Pen,
As might be Envy'd by the wittieſt Men:
You write ſo ſweetly, that at once you move,
The Ladies Jealouſies, and Gallant's Love;
Paſſions ſo gentle, and ſo well expreſt,
As needs muſt be the ſame fill your own Breaſt;

Then

Then Rough again, as your Inchanting Quill
Commanded Love, or Anger at your Will:
As in your Self, ſo in your Verſes meet,
A rare connexion of Strong and Sweet:
This I admir'd at, and my Pride to ſhow,
Have took the Vanity to tell you ſo
In humble Verſe, that has the Luck to pleaſe
Some Ruſtick Swains, or ſilly Shepherdeſs:
But far unfit to reach your Sacred Ears,
Or ſtand your Judgment: Oh! my conſcious Fears
Check my Preſumption, yet I muſt go on,
And finiſh the raſh Task I have begun.
Condemn it Madam, if you pleaſe, to th' Fire,
It gladly will your Sacrifice expire,
As ſent by one, that rather choſe to ſhew
Her want of Skill, than want of Zeal to you.

SONG.

SONG.

1.

WHen Buſie Fame, o're all the Plain
Phylena's Praiſes rung,
And on their Oaten Pipes, each Swain
Her Matchleſs Beauty ſung:
The Envious Nymphs were forc'd to yield,
She had the ſweeteſt Face;
No Emulous Diſputes they held,
But for the ſecond Place.

2.

Young *Celadon* (whoſe ſtubborn Heart
No Beauty e're cou'd move,
But ſmil'd to hear of Bow and Dart,
And brav'd the God of Love:)
Wou'd view this Nymph, and pleas'd at firſt
Such Silent Charmes to ſee,
VVith wonder Gaz'd, then Sigh'd, and Curſt
His Curioſity.

To

To a Gentleman that had left a Vertuous Lady for a Miſs.

DUll Animal miſcall'd a Man, for Shame
Give o're your fooliſh tales of Fire and Flame:
The Nymphs abhor you, and your Stories hate,
Count you a Monſter, barb'rouſly Ingrate:
Your fine ſweet Face, in which ſuch Pride you take,
Th' exactneſs of your clever, eaſie Make;
Your Charming Meen, bewitching Tongue, nor yet
The fancied Greatneſs of your boaſted Wit,
Can now the meaneſt Nymph to Pity move,
Though once they taught the great *Phylena* Love:
Phylena, Glory of the *Surrey*-Plain,
The envy'd Wiſh of every hopeleſs Swain, (brought
Whoſe Artleſs Charms, the Proud and Great had
Upon their Knees, th' Old and Moroſe had taught

How

How to Languiſh, and they that durſt not ſhow
They were her Lovers, ſilently were ſo:
But you alone, did of her Conqueſt boaſt,
In that one Prize all Natures Wealth engroſs't:
But your inſipid Dulneſs found more Charms,
More Pleaſure in the wanton *Flora*'s Armes;
With Her you paſt your hours in idle Prate,
While poor *Phylena* unregarded ſate:
Kind heart! She wept; and gently She Reprov'd
Your ſtrange Ingratitude, told you, you lov'd
A Shepherdeſs that had a ſickly Fame,
And wou'd bring Infamy upon your Name.
Who can believe? With unheard Impudence
You own'd your Crime, and urg'd in your defence,
The Nymph ſung charmingly, was very Witty,
Gay, Brisk, had Teeth; oh! infinitely Pretty:
Ingenious Lime-twigs, to catch Woodcocks on,
Pretty Ingredients to Dote upon!
Can you prefer theſe trivial Toys, that are
As common as their Owner, to the rare

Perfecti-

Perfections dwell in your *Phylena*'s Breaſt,
Things too Divinely Great to be expreſt?
Her Vertues, though her Beauty ſhou'd decay,
Might Charm the World, and make Mankind obey.
Degen'rous Man! break this ignoble Chain,
That dims your Luſtre, does your Honour ſtain;
Or you'l be judg'd for all your vain Pretences,
Not only to have loſt your Wits, but Sences.

SONG.

1.

EPhelia, while her Flocks were fair,
W'as ſought by ev'ry Swain,
The Shepherds knew no other care,
Than how her Love to gain:
In Rural Gifts, they vainly ſtrove
Each other to Out-vie,
Fondly imagining her Love
They might with Preſents buy.

But

2

But ſhe did every Giſt deſpiſe,
And ev'ry Shepherd hate,
Till *Strephon* came, whoſe Killing Eyes
Was ev'ry Womans Fate:
A while, alas! She vainly ſtrove
The Bleeding Wound to hide,
But ſoon with Pain cry'd out, I Love,
In ſpight of all my Pride.

3.

The Wolves might now at pleaſure Prey,
On her defenceleſs Sheep;
Her Lambs o're all the Plain did ſtray,
None in the Fold would keep;
But ſhe regardleſs of theſe Harms,
In Paſtimes ſpent the Day,
Or in her faithleſs *Strephons* Arms,
Diſſolv'd in Pleaſures lay.

4.

But as Her num'rous Flocks decay'd
His Paſſion did ſo too,
Till for a Smile the eaſie Maid
Was forc'd with Tears to woe:
But being Shrunk from few to none,
He left the Nymph forlorn,
Derided now by every one,
That ſhe did lately ſcorn.

Fortune Miſtaken.

THough Fortune have ſo far from me remov'd,
All that I wiſh, or all I ever lov'd,
And Rob'd our *Europe* of its chief Delight,
To bleſs the *Africk* world with *Strephons* Sight:
There with a Lady Beauteous, Rich, and Young,
Kind, Witty, Vertuous, the beſt Born among
The *Africk* Maids, preſents this happy Swain,
Not to oblige Him, but to give Me Pain:

Then

Then to my Ears, by tattling Fame, conveys
The Tale with large Additions; and to raiſe
My Anger higher, tells me 'tis deſign'd,
That *Hymens* Rites, their hands and hearts muſt bind:
Now She believes my Buſineſs done, and I
At the dire News wou'd fetch a Sigh, and Die:
But She's deceiv'd, I in my *Strephon* grow,
And if he's happy, I muſt needs be ſo:
Or if Fate cou'd our Intereſts disjoyn,
At his good Fortune I ſhou'd ne're Repine,
Though 'twere my Ruin; but I exulte to hear,
Inſulting *Mopſa* I no more ſhall fear;
No more he'l ſmile upon that ugly Witch:
In that one Thought, I'm Happy, Great, and Rich;
And blind Dame Fortune, meaning to Deſtroy,
Has fill'd my Soul with Extaſies of Joy:
To Him I love, She's given a happy Fate,
And quite deſtroy'd and ruin'd Her I hate.

To *J. G.* on the News of his Marriage.

MY Love? alas! I muſt not call you Mine,
But to your envy'd Bride that Name reſign:
I muſt forget your lovely melting Charms,
And be for ever Baniſht from your Arms:
For ever? oh! the Horror of that Sound!
It gives my bleeding Heart a deadly wound:
VVhile I might hope, although my Hope was vain,
It gave ſome Eaſe to my unpitty'd Pain,
But now your *Hymen* doth all Hope exclude,
And but to think is Sin; yet you intrude
On every Thought; if I but cloſe my Eyes,
Methinks your pleaſing Form beſides me lies;
VVith every Sigh I gently breath your Name,
Yet no ill Thoughts pollute my hallow'd Flame;

'Tis pure and harmleſs, as a Lambent Fire,
And never mingled with a warm Deſire:
All I have now to ask of Bounteous Heaven,
Is, that your Perjuries may be forgiven:
That She who you have with your Nuptials bleſt,
As She's the Happieſt VVife, may prove the Beſt:
That all our Joys may light on you alone,
Then I can be contented to have none:
And never wiſh that you ſhou'd Kinder be,
Than now and then, to caſt a Thought on Me:
And, Madam, though the Conqueſt you have won,
Over my *Strephon*, has my hopes undone;
I'le daily beg of Heaven, he may be
Kinder to You, than he has been to Me.

To *Damon.*

Gay Fop! that know'ſt no higher Flights than Senſe,
What was it gave thee ſo much Impudence,
T' attempt the violation of a Shrine,
That lodg'd a Soul ſo Sacred, ſo Divine?
Her lovely Face might teach thee to Adore,
But cou'd not tempt thee to a looſe Amour:
Such charming goodneſs in her Eyes appear,
Might ſtrike a Satyr with an awful fear;
But thou leſs humane, and more wild than they,
Thy impious Paſſion durſt before her lay:
Sweet Innocence, how ſhe amazed ſtood,
To hear ſuch Tales, how her affrighted blood
Fluſh'd in her Face, and then recoyl'd again,
To hear diſcourſe ſo horridly Prophane!
She look'd ſuch things might teach thee to deſpair,
Diſſolve thy Being, fright thee into Air:

But thy unparʼllelʼd boldneſs durſt deſpiſe
The Sacred Lightning that flaſht from her Eyes;
And by a ſecond Guilt, durſt tempt her Tongue
To thunder Vengeance on thee, for her Wrong.
Impious Criminal! for this Offence,
Heaven hardly will accept of Penitence:
In tempting of her Vertue, know that you
Have done more than the Devil darʼd to do:
Audacious Villain! ſure, thou next wilʼt try
Depoſing of thy God, to rule the Sky:
That Action hardly can more wicked be,
Than what already hath been done by Thee.
If eʼre again thy Crime thou doʼſt repeat,
Expect thy Ruine to be quick, and great.
With Thunder-bolts thou ſhalt be cruſhʼd to Hell,
There with the Devils, and the Damnʼd to dwell:
While that bright Maid, that thou would'ſt have
Shall be by Angels lovʼd, by Men obeyʼd. (betraid,

To

To *Phylocles*, inviting him to Friendſhip.

1.

BEſt of thy Sex! if Sacred Friendſhip can
Dwell in the Boſom of inconſtant Man;
As cold, and clear as Ice, as Snow unſtain'd,
With Love's looſe Crimes unſully'd, unprophan'd.

2

Or you a Woman, with that Name dare truſt,
And think to Friendſhip's Ties, we can be juſt;
In a ſtrict League, together we'l combine,
And Friendſhip's bright Example ſhine.

3.

We will forget the Difference of Sex,
Nor ſhall the World's rude Cenſure us Perplex:
Think Me all Man: my Soul is Maſculine,
And Capable of as great Things as Thine.

4.

I can be Gen'rous, Juſt, and Brave,
Secret, and Silent, as the Grave;
And if I cannot yield Relief,
I'le Sympathize in all thy Grief.

5.

I will not have a Thought from thee I'le hide,
In all my Actions, Thou ſhalt be my Guide;
In every Joy of mine, Thou ſhalt have ſhare,
And I will bear a part in all thy Care.

6.

Why do I vainly Talk of what we'l do?
We'l mix our Souls, you ſhall be Me, I You;
And both ſo one, it ſhall be hard to ſay,
Which is *Phyloeles*, which *Ephelia*.

7.

Our Ties ſhall be ſtrong as the Chains of Fate,
Conqu'rors, and Kings our Joys ſhall Emulate;
Forgotten Friendſhip, held at firſt Divine,
T' it's native Purity we will refine.

To

To the Honoured *Eugenia*, commanding me to Write to Her.

FAir Excellence! ſuch ſtrange Commands you lay,
I neither dare Diſpute, nor can Obey:
Had I the ſweet *Orinda*'s happy Strain,
Yet every Line would Sacriledge contain:
Like to ſome awful Deity you ſit,
At once the Terrour and Delight of Wit:
Your Soul appears in ſuch a charming Dreſs
As I admire, but never can expreſs:
Heaven that to others had giv'n ſeveral Graces,
Some noble Souls, ſome Wit, ſome lovely Faces:
Finding the World did every one Admire,
Reſolv'd to raiſe their Admiration higher:
And in one Piece, every perfection croud,
So fram'd your Self, and of it's work grew Proud:

Each Riſing Sun ſaw you more Good, more Fair;
As you alone took up all Heaven's Care:
Such awful Charms do in your Face appear,
As fill Man-kind at once with Love and Fear.
VVho hear you Speak, muſt take your Tongue to be
The firſt Original of Harmony:
Your Meen hath ſuch a Stately Charming Air,
As without Heralds doth your Birth declare:
Your Soul ſo Noble, yet from Pride ſo free,
That 'tis the Pattern of Humility.
Elſe I had never dar'd to give one Line
To your fair Hand, ſo Impolite as Mine.
Pardon, dear Madam, theſe untuned Lays,
That have Prophan'd what I deſign'd to Praiſe.
Nor is't poſſible, but I ſo muſt do,
All I can think falls ſo much ſhort of you:
And Heaven as well with Man might angry be,
For not deſcribing of the Deity,
In its full height of Excellence, as you
Quarrel with them that give you not your Due.

To the Beauteous *Marina.*

1.

NAture that had been long by Art out-done,
Reſolved a Piece to frame;
So Beauteous, that ſawcy Art ſhou'd own,
She was quite vanquiſhed, and o're-thrown:
And all her mended Faces, after came.
In this Reſolve, your lovely Self ſhe made,
And laviſh of her Graces,
Out-did her ſelf, exhauſted all her *S*tore
Of ev'ry *S*weet, till ſhe cou'd give no more;
Bankrupt for ever, to all other Faces.
In Infancy all did the Bud admire,
But when full Blown, it rais'd our Wonder higher,
And Admiration grew into Deſire.

2. VVhen

2.

When with your Sight the Change you bleſs,
Or walk the open Street,
A thouſand Tongues your Praiſe expreſs,
While dying Eyes aloud confeſs,
You have a Captive in each Man you meet.
When baſhful *Clovis* chanc'd to ſpy
Your killing Face, with mine,
So much you charm'd that Shepherds Eye,
That my faint Lights he did deſpiſe;
And look'd as I my Empire muſt reſign:
Though his each Look, I challenge as my Due,
He ſcarce gave one; his Eyes no motion knew;
But fixt as the dull Earth, with Wonder gaz'd on you.

Paſſion diſcovered.

I Thought, I'le Swear, that I could freely part,
With the ſmall Theft I'de made of *Clovis* Heart.
'Tis true, of Him I ſtill had in my Breaſt,
Some buſie Thoughts that did diſturb my Reſt:
Yet like wild Paſſion it did not ſeem,
But lookt like Friendſhip, or at moſt, Eſteem.
I thought his Heart was a too glorious Prize,
To be a Trophy to my twylight Eyes;
And when with Sighs he has his Paſſion ſhow'd,
A thouſand times I've wiſht, it were beſtow'd
On ſweet *Marrina*; thinking none beſide,
Had Worth enough, to be young *Clovis* Bride:
And beg'd of Love, that he would give her leave;
He ſmil'd to ſee me thus my Self deceive:

Fancying

Fancying that lazy Friendſhip, that (alas!)
Too late I found an active Paſſion was:
To undeceive me, brought that *S*hepherd, where
I, and *Marrina* both together were:
The *S*wain ſurpriz'd, to me did hardly lend
A ſquinting Glance; but to my Beauteous Friend,
Fierce VViſhing-looks from dying Eyes did ſend.
I turn'd my Head, and ſigh'd at the Diſgrace,
VVhile Love and Jealouſie rag'd in my Face:
Love laught out-right to ſee my Diſcontent;
Now Fool (ſaid ſhe) thy fatal Pray'rs repent.
Malicious God (quoth I) ſo much above
My Self or Intereſt, I *Clovis* love, (were
That ſtill I wiſh, that lovely Nymph and he united
But wiſh not now the Killing-news to hear.

To

To *Coridon*, on ſhutting his Door againſt ſome Ladies.

COnceited Coxcomb! tho' I was ſo kind
To wiſh to ſee you, think not I deſign'd
To force my ſelf to your unwilling Arms,
Your Converſation has no ſuch Charms:
Think leſs, thoſe lovely Virgins were with me,
VVou'd thruſt themſelves into your Company;
They've Crowds of Gallants, for their Favours ſue,
And to be Careſs'd, need not come to you:
'Gainſt handſom VVomen rudely ſhut your Dore!
Had it been *S*erjeants, you cou'd do no more:
Faith, we expected with a horrid yelp,
Out of the VVindow you'd have cry'd, help! help!

VVhat

What Outrage have you offer'd to our Sex?
That you ſhould dread we came but to perplex:
Or ſince I ſaw you laſt, what have I done,
Might cauſe ſo ſtrange an Alteration?
Till now, your wiſhing Eyes have at my Sight,
Spoke you all Rapture, Extaſie, Delight:
But at the Change, I have a Critick gueſs,
So much of Friendſhip to me you profeſs,
More than your lazy Tongue can e're expreſs;
And your performance hath been ſo much leſs:
That Debtor-like, you dare not meet my Eyes,
Which was the reaſon of your late Surprize.
I'le tell you, Sir; your kindneſs to requite
A loving Secret, meerly out of ſpight:
A Secret four and tweenty Moons I've kept,
I've ſigh'd in private, and in private wept;
And all for you: but yet ſo much my Pride
Surmounts my Paſſion, that now were I try'd,
And the Heart ſo long I've wiſht for, proſtrate lay
Before my Feet, I'de ſpurn the Toy away:

And

And tho', perhaps, I wiſh as much as you,
I'le ſtarve my Self, ſo I may ſtarve You too:
And for a Curſe, wiſh you may never find
An open Door, nor Woman when ſhe's kind.

My Fate.

OH cruel Fate, when wilt thou weary be?
VVhen ſatisfied with tormenting me?
VVhat have I e're deſign'd, but thou haſt croſt?
All that I wiſht to gain by Thee, I've loſt:
From my firſt Infancy, thy Spight thou'ſt ſhown,
And from my Cradle, I've thy Malice known;
Thou ſnatch'ſt my Parents in their tender Age,
Made me a Victim to the furious Rage
Of cruel Fortune, as ſevere as thee;
Yet I reſolv'd to brave my Deſtiny,
And did, with more than Female Conſtancy.

Not

Not all thy Malice cou'd extort a Tear,
Nor all thy Rage cou'd ever teach me Fear:
Still as thy Pow'r diminiſht my Eſtate,
My Fortitude did my Deſires abate;
In every ſtate I thought my Mind content,
And wiſely did thy croſs Deſigns prevent:
Seeing thy Plots did unſucceſsful prove,
As a ſure Torment next, thou taught'ſt me Love:
But here thou wer't deceiv'd too, for my Swain
As ſoon as he perceiv'd, pity'd my Pain:
He met my Paſſion with an equal Fire,
Both ſweetly languiſht in a ſoft Deſire:
Claſpt in each other's Arms we ſate all Day,
Each Smile I gave, he'd with a Kiſs repay:
In every Hour an Ages Bliſs we reap'd,
And laviſh Favours on each other heap'd.
Now ſure (thought I) Deſtiny doth relent,
And her inſatiate Tyranny repent:
But how miſtaken! how deceiv'd was I!
Alas! She onely rais'd my Hopes thus high,

To

To caſt me down with greater Violence;
For midſt our Joys, ſhe ſnatch'd my *S*hepherd hence
To *Africa:* yet tho' I was neglected,
I bore it better than could be expected:
VVithout Regret, I let him croſs the *S*ea,
VVhen I was told it for his Good wou'd be;
But when I heard the Nuptial Knot he'd ty'd,
And made an *Afric* Nymph his happy Bride:
My Temper then I could no longer hold,
I curs'd my Fate, I curs'd the Pow'r of Gold;
I curs'd the Eaſineſs believ'd at firſt,
And (Heaven forgive me) Him I almoſt curs'd.
Hearing my Loſs, to him was mighty Gain;
I check'd my Rage, and ſoon grew Calm again:
Malicious Fate, ſeeing this wou'd not do,
Made *Strephon* wretched, to make me ſo too.
Of all her Plagues, this was the weightieſt Stroke,
This Blow, my reſolv'd Heart hath almoſt broke:
Yet, ſpight of Fate, this Comfort I've in ſtore,
She's no room left for any Ill thing more.

To One that Affronted the Excellent *Eugenia.*

THing, call'd a Man! Ambition cheats thy Senſe,
Or, thou'rt deceiv'd with too much Impudence;
To think that Divine Creature you purſue,
Can be deſerv'd, or merited by you:
Dare not to be ſo Impiouſly Rude,
To tax ſuch Goodneſs with Ingratitude;
One Smile from her will more Obligements pay,
Than ſhoud'ſt thou live ten Ages, thou coud'ſt lay.
Thou talk of Obligations! that wer't fram'd
To make proud man of his own Sex aſham'd:
When in his greateſt Pride, he caſt an Eye,
On thy ill Manners and Deformity;
He'l hate himſelf, and rather wiſh to be
An Aſs, or Owl, than ſuch a thing as thee.

Dar'ſt

Dar'ſt thou affront Her thou pretend'ſt t'adore?
That Heavenly Mortal, if ſhe be no more;
Becauſe to them better deſerv'd it, ſhe
Shew'd more reſpect, and more Civility?
You rudely muſt Invite her to expoſe
Thoſe God-like Men, unto your barb'rous Blows;
She will not do't; not that thy Arm ſhe fears,
Or thinks thy Valour more refin'd than theirs:
Tho' in their Glory ſhe deſigns no ſhare,
Yet of their Honour ſhe takes too much care,
To let 'em Fight a deſpicable Thing,
That when they've Conquer'd, can no Trophy bring.
Know, Fool too; thee ſhe does too much contemn,
To let thee boaſt thou ever Fought'ſt with them.
To vex thee, they her Favourites ſhall be,
And make their Court ſtill in abuſing thee:
Abuſing thee! what have I vainly ſed?
What Nonſence unawares I've uttered!
The harſheſt *Satyr* that we can invent,
Is *Panegyrick*, when of Thee 'tis meant.

All my Invention cannot reach a Curſe,
For whatſoe're I think, ſtill thou art worſe;
Yet I'le endeavour at One: Be't thy Fate
To live the Object of *Eugenia*'s Hate.

To *Clovis*, deſiring me to bring Him into *Marina*'s Company.

CHarming Inſulter! ſure you might have choſ
Some eaſier way than this you now propoſe,
To try the boundleſs Friendſhip I profeſs;
For if Fate can, this Task will make it leſs.
Clovis, believe; if any Thing there is
I can deny your Merit, it is this:
If I had Rocks of Diamonds, Mines of Ore,
Engroſs'd the Pearls upon the Eaſtern-ſhore;

VVi

VVith as much Joy, I'de lay'em at your Feet,
As Youthful Monarchs in new Empires meet.
Cou'd you be Happy by my Miſery,
In any ſhape but this, I'de wretched be:
VVith ev'ry other Wiſh I wou'd comply,
But bright *Marina*'s Sight I muſt deny:
That Gift's too prodigal; I'de rather part
With Life its ſelf, and give my bleeding Heart:
For I with Bluſhes own, that Sacred Fire
Once rul'd my Breaſt, degenerate to deſire.
I thought it Friendſhip; Swore it ſhou'd be ſo,
Yet ſpight of Me, it wou'd to Paſſion grow.
When to this worthleſs Heart, you did addreſs,
With all the Marks that Paſſion cou'd expreſs;
On my ſoft Neck your Penſive Head wou'd lay,
And Sigh, and Vow, and Kiſs the Hours away.
Your Tears, and languiſh'd Looks I did neglect,
And wou'd not Love, yet highly did Reſpect;
Thought you the beſt of Men, and counſel'd you,
To turn your Paſſion into Friendſhip too:

Told you, my Heart was cruel *Strephon*'s Prize,
His devout, tho neglected Sacrifice:
Wou'd often talk of ſweet *Marina*'s Charms,
And oft'ner wiſh her lodg'd in your dear Arms.
Ah, fatal Wiſh! ye Gods! why ſhou'd you mind
The fooliſh Wiſhes made by Woman-kind?
I ev'ry hour ſaw *Strephon*'s Love decay;
And *Clovis* more Endear'd me every day.
Why at ſo vaſt a Rate ſhou'd he Oblige?
Or, why ſo ſoon ſhou'd he remove his Siege?
That Hour that Mine began, Your Love did end,
You took my Counſel and became my Friend:
And by thoſe Ties, did earneſtly requeſt,
That I wou'd make *Marina*'s Heart your Gueſt.
Oh, cruel Task! you Deſtinies, am I
In my own Ruine made a Property?
Yet want the Pow'r the Treaſon to deny?
Yes; tho this piece of knotty Friendſhip be
Hard in its ſelf, and harder far to me;

I'le

I'le try, and in th' Attempt ſuch Vigor ſhow,
I'le make her Yours, tho Fate it ſelf ſay no:
I'le tell your Merits in ſuch ſoft, ſmooth Strains,
Shall leave a Thrilling Pleaſure in her Veins;
And when my Tongue no ſweeter Words can find,
I'le look, as there were ten times more behind.
Then ſpeak again; nor leave her till I ſpy
She is Inthrall'd, and loves as much as I.
Then I'le preſent you with this Beauteous Slave,
The greateſt Gift a Lover ever gave:
And when you cannot wiſh happier to grow,
Then think with how much Pain I made you ſo.

In the Perſon of a Lady to *Bajazet*, Her unconſtant Gallant.

HOw far are they deceiv'd, that hope in vain
A laſting Leaſe of Joys from Love t'obtain?
All the Dear Sweets we're promiſs'd, or expect,
After Enjoyment turn to cold Neglect:
Cou'd Love a conſtant Happineſs have known,
That Mighty Wonder had in Me been ſhown;
Our Paſſions were ſo favoured by Fate,
As if ſhe meant them an Eternal Date:
So kind he look'd, ſuch tender Words he ſpoke,
'Twas paſt Belief ſuch Vows ſhou'd e're be broke:
Fix'd on my Eyes, how often wou'd he ſay,
He cou'd with Pleaſure gaze an Age away.
When Thought, too great for Words, had made him (mute,
In Kiſſes he wou'd tell my Hand his Sute:

So

So ſtrong his Paſſion was, ſo far above
The common Gallantries that paſs for Love:
At worſt, I thought, if he unkind ſhou'd prove,
His ebbing Paſſion wou'd be kinder far,
Than the Firſt Tranſports of all others are:
Nor was my Love weaker, or leſs than his;
In him I center'd all my hopes of Bliſs:
For him, my Duty to my Friends forgot;
For him I loſt----alas! what loſt I not?
Fame, all the Valuable Things of Life,
To meet his Love by a leſs Name than Wife.
How happy was I then! how dearly bleſt!
VVhen this Great Man lay panting on my Breaſt,
Looking ſuch Things as ne're can be expreſt.
Thouſand freſh Loves he gave me every hour,
VVhile eagerly I did his Looks devour:
Quite overcome with Charms, I trembling lay,
At every Look he gave, melted away;
I was ſo highly happy in his Love,
Methought I pity'd thoſe that dwelt above.

Think

Think then thou greateſt, lovelieſt, falſeſt Man,
How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd, and than
My faithleſs Dear, be cruel if you can.
How I have lov'd, I cannot, need not tell;
No, every Act has ſhewn I lov'd too well.
Since firſt I ſaw you, I ne're had a Thought,
VVas not entirely yours; to you I brought
My Virgin Innocence, and freely made
My Love an Offering to your Noble Bed:
Since when, you've been the Star by which I've (ſteer'd
And nothing elſe but you, I lov'd, or fear'd:
Your Smiles I onely liv'd by, and I muſt
VVhen e're you Frown, be ſhatter'd into Duſt.
I cannot live on Pity, or Reſpect,
A Thought ſo mean, wou'd my whole Frame infect,
Leſs than your Love I ſcorn, Sir, to accept.
Let me not live in dull Indiff'rency,
But give me Rage enough to make me die:
For if from you I needs muſt meet my Fate,
Before your Pity, I wou'd chooſe your *Hate*.

To

To Madam *F.*

DIvineſt Thing! whom Heaven made to ſhew
The very utmoſt that its Skill cou'd do:
If you had liv'd in ancient *Rome*, or *Greece*,
You had had Altars built you long ere this.
Not all the Pow'rs they worſhip'd, e're poſſeſt
Half of the Merit crouds your Noble Breſt.
So Good, ſo Great, ſo Brave, ſo Heavenly Fair;
Princes are proud your Lovely Chains to wear:
So perfect are the Vertues of your Mind,
Not Envy's ſelf, a ſingle Stain can find:
The Vaſtneſs of your Gallant Soul doth move
The World to pay an Univerſal Love.
Yet at an awful Diſtance they admire;
Beyond a Veneration none aſpire.
Oh, may theſe Bleſſings have a laſting Date,
And You be ſafe from all the Strokes of Fate:
My Wiſh is vain, (and Pray'rs are needleſs too)
Heav'n is too Juſt to be Unkind to You.

SONG.

SONG.

KNow, *Strephon*, once I lov'd you more
Than Miſers do their Wealth;
I took from Heaven you to adore,
And thought no Sin i'th' Stealth:
I knew no Joys, but what you gave,
Nor ever had a Thought
Of any ſtate beyond your Slave,
Freedom I never ſought.

2.

But ſince your ſtrange Ingratitude,
Cou'd the ſoft Favours ſlight,
For which your Rivals vainly ſu'd,
Know you've no longer Right,
To the leaſt Joy that I can give,
So unconcern'd I'le prove,
The World ſhall eaſily believe
That I did never love.

To

To the Angry *Eugenia.*

INcenſed Fair One! if Forgiveneſs be
Not in thy Power to extend to Me;
Which to believe, were ſuch an impious Thought,
Heav'n ſcarce wou'd pardon, tho with Tears 'twere (ſought.
Deſtroy at once the Creature that you hate,
And wrack me not with a ſad ling'ring Fate:
Yet e're I Die, permit ſome ſmall Defence,
Not that I will pretend to Innocence;
That were to think that You have been Unjuſt,
Which let me Periſh when I once Miſtruſt.
With all that Rev'rence that a Pious *Jew*
Wou'd name *Jehovah*, I ſhould Speak of You:
But I, prophanely nam'd you in the Ear
Of Crowds unfit ſuch Sacred Sounds to hear:
Yet what I ſaid, if traced, you will find,
Tho ſhort of you, out-did all Woman-kind.

My

My Fault was too much Zeal; this forc'd my Tongue
To tell the Worth it had Adored long.
My Life will witneſs this; for, Madam, know,
I love too well to Live and Injure You.

SONG.

AH *Phillis*! had you never lov'd,
Your Hate I could have born
Contentedly, I wou'd have prov'd
The Object of your Scorn.
But you were once as ſoft, as kind,
As yielding Virgins be;
Gods! that That Face ſhou'd have a Mind
Stain'd with Inconſtancy.

2

No Tongue can tell the Mighty Joy
Your Kindneſs did Create;
But the Sweet Rapture you deſtroy,
With ſuddain cauſeleſs Hate.

So

So have I ſeen a Riſing Sun
Promiſe a Glorious Day,
But ſoon o're-caſt, its Brightneſs gone,
Did to rough Storms give way.

To Madam *Guinn*

SPight of my Beſt Reſolves, my Thoughts Aſpire
To Speak, what I in Silence ſhou'd Admire;
How vainly I endeavour to expreſs,
What none can e're deſcribe, but make it leſs!
When your Compoſure was as firſt Deſign'd,
Heaven to a vaſt Extravagance was kind;
Beauty and Wit did laviſhly Conteſt,
Who ſhou'd give moſt, which ſhou'd adorn you beſt:
A Stately Meen, ſoft Charms, a Face ſo ſweet;
In You alone do all Perfections meet.

So

So Bright your Beauty, ſo Sublime your VVit,
None but a Prince to wear your Chains is Fit.
I wou'd wiſh Something, but all Heaven's Store
Cannot afford One Single Bleſſing more:
Honour nor VVealth you want; nor any Thing,
Unleſs I wiſh you a Perpetual Spring
Of Youth and Blooming Beauties; ſuch as may
Make all Your Envious Rivals pine away.

Ephelia.

FINIS.